

Last Christmas by [curiositydoor](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Christmas, Christmas Fluff, F/M, Fluff, One Shot, One Year Later

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-12-08

Updated: 2016-12-08

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:16:22

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 646

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Last year, she and Steve Harrington were the picture-perfect couple for a Christmas card.

Late 1984 brought the resurgence of the paranormal, the end of her relationship with Steve, and the boy who preferred to remain behind the camera – not part of a pair posing for a portrait, plastered with smiles that didn't quite reach their eyes.

Last Christmas

Author's Note:

I've been in the midst of writing a few depressing stories, so I wanted to take a break with something short and just pure, pointless fluff. And hey, finally a title from a period-appropriate song! Caveat: I haven't read any Stranger Things Christmas prompts, so forgive me if these ideas have been beaten to death already.

Last year, she and Steve Harrington were the picture-perfect couple for a Christmas card.

It was a ruse, as the winter of 1983 had been the most miserable time in her life, but all the more reason to embrace the holiday spirit. The weekend after Thanksgiving, he helped her dad lug the tree onto the roof of the station wagon, and they listened to classic carols as they draped the boughs with ornaments and tinsel. Nancy stayed in the kitchen to frost sugar cookies with her mom while the men strung up the lights outside. Personally, she'd had enough of those.

One weekend, they drove out to the frozen lake with the popular kids (Tommy H. and Carol opted out). In his attempt to show off skating backwards, Steve slipped into the snowy bank, and Nancy purposefully fell beside him. Settling into the powder, they made wide sweeping motions with their arms to form snow angels. She kept her eyes closed. The mild flurry wouldn't have bothered her before, but the imagery of floating white flecks against the darkening sky had recently been ruined. It made her helpless and weak.

At his parents' house, they sipped eggnog spiked with rum and went out of their way to kiss underneath the mistletoe at every possible opportunity.

That was the only way she could justify her actions the night before Christmas, after she handed Jonathan the present that wasn't really a present. When she kissed him on the cheek even though his younger brother was standing right there and her boyfriend, clad in a festive

sweater, waited confidently in the living room. It was a force of habit in doorways, and nothing more.

Late 1984 brought the resurgence of the paranormal, the end of her relationship with Steve, and the boy who preferred to remain behind the camera – not part of a pair posing for a portrait, plastered with smiles that didn't quite reach their eyes.

While he also helped with the tree, he understandably hadn't cared much for the lights either. As they decorated a gingerbread house, however, they found themselves adding all sorts of inappropriate details. He carved a hole in the front and covered it with a chocolate wrapper, she painted the alphabet on an inner wall in black icing, and they even fashioned a bear trap out of a grayish piece of salt water taffy. Nancy's mom hadn't understood at all, but for the two of them, it felt cathartic.

On Christmas Eve, when he returned from work to pick up Will, the preteens hid by the side of the house and pelted him with snowballs. They would have never dared to do that to Steve, but the older Byers boy grinned and chased them to the backyard, where they took shelter behind lawn chairs to pack their supplies of ammo. She joined his team for a more fair fight (Eleven's telekinetic powers notwithstanding), and together they crafted their plan of attack. The battle culminated when Jonathan created a diversion, allowing Nancy to boldly run up to the kids' side and dump an armful of snow onto their heads while their attention was focused elsewhere. "I told you to watch out for her," Dustin said pointedly, shaking the flakes from the brim of his cap. "She's totally a badass now."

Back in the warmth, they drank mugs of cocoa with mini marshmallows and whipped cream, and when she noticed the foam on his upper lip, she didn't need mistletoe as an excuse to kiss him.

Jonathan looked a little embarrassed, the flush of his skin visible against the dark plaid around his collar. He clashed terribly with the pastel decor of the Wheeler home, would never have been caught dead wearing something knitted with red or green or reindeers.

But none of that mattered, because this Christmas, the holiday cheer she felt was real.